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The Farmer.

How to Make Good Butter.

We commenced the following article to all rural house wives who believe there is room for improvement in the important art of butter making. Some, doubtless, will exclaim, "I know all about that business already. My butter is good enough for me." Such persons are *too wise* to learn, and we do not write for them.

Mr. Bateham,—In accordance with your request, I will with the assistance of my wife, attempt to give your less experienced readers some instructions in the art of making butter. If my directions are not the best that can be given they shall be the best that I can give, after the experience of nearly half a century.

In the first place, select *good cows*, and give them good feed. By good cows, I mean those that are gentle, and give a good quantitity of *rich milk*. There is a very great difference in the quality of milk, and poor milk will not make good butter. Cows should have good pasture, and, if possible a change of pasture as often as once a week during summer, with plenty of good water, and daily access to *salt*. If salt is given only occasionally, they are apt to eat so much as to operate injuriously; but where a constant supply is allowed them, they use but little, and it corrects the injurious effects of eating weeds, &c., that would otherwise taint the butter. In *winter, milch cows* should have beets or other succulent food with their hay, and be stabled or well sheltered from severe cold; for no cows can give good milk when suffering from cold or hunger; and it is the chief reason why so little and such poor butter is made in this country in winter.

Gentle driving and kind treatment are also important prequisites in this business; for any undue exertion or excitement, as rapid driving, beating, kicking, scolding, &c., will affect the milk unfavorably, and should not be allowed. *Regularity* in milking should also be observed; for cows are such creatures of habit that they soon judge of time with great correctness. It is very desirable, also, that the same person *should* always do the milking, as cows dislike strangers. But above all, be sure that it is done in a cleanly and perfect maner.

The *Cellar or Milk-House* is a matter of very great importance. Many persons suppose that a spring house is necessary in order to make first rate butter in summer; but such is not the case. Indeed, I am fully convinced that the dampness which water occasions in a milk house, is more injurious than the additional coolness is beneficial. I prefer a good dry cellar, well lighted and ventilated, with a smooth brick or stone floor, the windows opening inside, and protected with wire gauze to exclude flies and insects. Every thing should be excluded from the milk cellar, that can possibly taint the atmosphere; for it is utterly impossible to make good sweet butter, if the milk is kept in a badly ventillated cellar, or where there is mouldy wood, as old boxes, barrels, &c., or vegetables, fruit, fish, meat and the like.

Cleanliness of Utensils. This is the grand cardi-virtue of the dairy business, and cannot be too rigidly enforced. The pails, pans, strainers, churn—every thing used in the business, must not only be washed but thoroughly scalded wit boiling water, and dried in the sun or by the fire after each time using.

Skimming the milk in summer, should be performed as soon as it becomes thick or congulated; for a watery fluid soon after rises under the cream, and is very injurious to it. The cream, as it is collected, should be put into a stone crock, and in hot weather hung in a well or placed in a spring.

Churning should be performed as often as once in two or three days, in summer. I prefer the old fashioned dasher churn; but the barrel churn may be as good where many cows are kept. The churning should be done in the morning or at evening in summer, and the temperature of the cream should be regulated by a thermometer. The proper temperature at the commencemenr of churning, is about 55 degrees: it will rise to 60, or higher, before it is completed. If the cream is too warm, reduce it by adding cold water, (a little ice may be put in the water if necessary.) If too cold, stand it by the fire, where it will warm gradually before churning. Continue churning till the butter is well united.

Working and salting butter. When taken out of the churn, place it on a smooth flat board or marble slab, and work the butter milk all out of it; then add about 1¼ ounce of the best fine salt per pound, mix it well, and then let stand 24 hours for the salt to dissolve; then work it over thoroughly, so as to extract all the moisture, and make it up into rolls for the table or for market, or pack it for winter nse. In working butter in warm weather, it is better not to touch it at all with the hands, but use a wooden ladle or spatula. It is also better to avoid washing it in water, if the weather is not so warm as to render it necessary.

Preserving Butter. Stone crocks or jars are preferable for this purpose; but if butter is made in large quantities for market, firkins made of heart of ash may be used. These should be thoroughly saturated with brine before using. We sometimes add a little saltpetre, say 1-8 oz. to the pound, and also a very powdered loaf sugar when salting butter to be preserved for winter, but neither of these are very essential. The butter should be packed as closely as possible, then covered with brine two or three inches deep, with a cloth and board over the top; then set aside in a cool cellar.

One more remark, and I have done.—Housewives must *make their own butter*, if they would have it made in the best manner. Hired help cannot—*will not*—do it correctly.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

THE DOOMED SON, OR FAMILY HONOR.

This is the title of a story of strange interest, which we copy from Douglass Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine. The scene is laid in Canton de Vaud, in the year 1828. The peasantry of that part of the Swiss Highlands possess a strong feeling of family pride—They can trace their lineage by authentic histories to the first period of the christian era, and many have been the title deeds for the small farms on which they labor, engraved on copper, of the time of the Consuls.—*N. Y. American.*

The following is a domestic incident in the history of one of these families, which consisted of a father and mother, two sons, the eldest of twenty-five, the youngest but eighteen, and two daughters of intermediate ages. The youngest son, a fair haired, well formed boy, was one of those wild unmanageable lads who are at once the bane and the favorite of the district. His open, joyous, handsome countenance, his reckless courage, his untirable hilarity and fun, made his neighbors tolerate a series of mischievous and wicked pranks which would have brought down condign punishment upon one of greater age and less winning exterior. At last growing more reckless and ungovernable, he one day galloped off with a neighbor's horse, was gone a week, and making acquaintance with a girl of loose character, sold the horse to furnish the means of debauchery. Deserted and robbed by his paramour, the guilty young man, awakened to a sense of his real situation, attempts to reach home. He wishes to see his mother, and obtain from her the means of escape to a neighboring province. He is pursued, is wounded in effecting a desperate escape, and is worn out by hunger and fatigue. After the narration of his perilous escape the story is thus told:

When evening approached he commenced the last and most perilous portion of his journey. He was now in a country where his face was known to every one, and the distance was almost too great to be passed in the few hours of darkness. With much labor, however, he succeeded in reaching his home before day light, clambered into a hay loft where his brother was certain to come for fodder for the cattle—covered over with the hay, and waited for his arrival.

Soon after day break he heard his brother's step, and his agitation was almost beyond endurance. He now for the first time began to consider how he should be received—a thing which had not yet entered into his mind. That he would be given up to justice was out of the question; would he be allowed the shelter of home? He at last summoned courage to leave his hiding place, and found his worst fears confirmed—his brother, so far from receiving him with affection, started from him with an expression of horror, and would not even allow him to come near. "You are the first of your race that has ever committed a crime like this, and you have brought shame upon a family that has been without reproach since the birth of our Saviour."

The boy could make no answer but tears—but faint with hunger he exclaimed:

"For God's sake give me food, I have not eaten for forty hours?" The brother's heart was moved, he abstained from reproaches, fetched him food and wine, waited while he eat it, and then rising and assuming a countenance of severity to conceal his emotion, said, "Come with me into the barn, and I will pile the straw round you, and you will be save for a time, till we can devise what is to be done. If you present yourself to your father in his present state of mind, he will kill you. Leave me to make your peace, if, indeed, that be possible, for your mother also is deeply incensed, and it will require time to overcome her repugnance to intercede for you. It must be attempted gradually, or it will assuredly fail of success."

In this hiding-place the youth remained during the day, and it was not till past midnight that his brother ventured near him. He came without a light, and speaking in a low tone said "The officers of justice have been here to day, and have only just left the house, on hearing the affair of the lamb, which has been found in the cave: it is not doubted that you are the culprit, and they are gone in that direction to seek for you. I have not ventured to communicate the secret to your father or mother. Only your sister Julia yet knows it, and she was ill in bed. You must stay here for the present. In the morning I will break the affair to the family."

With this promise he was compelled to be satisfied, the brother left him without food and departed. All that night and the next day he remained alone, but in the evening the brother came as before with food.—His countenance was sombre, his voice severe, and his words were few and cold.

"May I see my mother?" said the youth.

"No," was the stern reply.

"Nor my sisters?"

"No, your father has forbidden it."

"Then, what am I to do?"

"You will know by and by, and I shall be with you again before midnight," and he suddenly left the barn without a single word of kindness.

"God help me!" said the boy. "What will become of me?" and he put aside the food untasted.

Not till nearly two in the morning did the brother return; he brought with him a dark lanthorn and materials for writing. "It is all arranged," said he; "your father will not see you himself, but he consents to allow your mother and sisters to see you, if you are willing immediately to leave the country—pass over to Morat, where there is a recruiting station for the king of Sardinia, and enter his service under a fictitious name. If you agree to this proposition write down your consent forthwith, and you shall be admitted into the house."

"If the sentiments of my mother and sisters are like your own, Adolphe, I scarcely wish to see them."

"Do not deceive yourself, they bear you no affection," replied the brother; "and in consenting to see you they are solely influenced by a wish to preserve the honor of the family." Two hours more elapsed, when the brother returned and conducted him into the house; no one was there to receive him—and he was proceeding to his own bed, when his brother stopped him.

"Not that way," said he; "your bed is in the strong room."

This was a room of which the walls were of thickness to defy the effects of an ordinary fire, and was used to preserve the records and documents of the family, together with such pieces of valuable property as were not in constant use."

"Why am I put here?" said Carl.

"For safety," replied the brother. "Should the officers of justice came in search of you, there is a trap door, known only to your father and mother, through which you can escape."

In this room remained the young Carl till the following evening, when he was desired to descend to the parlor. His youngest sister, who was ill, had risen from her bed to see him, to embrace him, to cover his face with kisses, and entreat him to reform his conduct.

"I cannot stay, Carl," said she, "my mother tells me I must go to bed again, but you shall hear from me." She put into his hand a little purse of money, burst into tears, and as she left the room said,

"There is much to do to-night, Carl, and I am not allowed to share in it. I hope all is for the best.—Pray to God—pray to God."

The mother gave way to no tenderness at the sight of her prodigal son; but hastened to load his pockets with valuables which she told him he might require on the journey, and which would serve to make him friends where he was going. It was in vain that he urged on her that these things were unnecessary, and above all, the heavy bag of dollars, as he supposed it to be, which she fastened into the pocket of his jacket.

"I shall have more than I want, mother, in the bounty money, and I thought to have sent back even a part of that, for the use of poor Julia's crippled mother. I shall not need this money; pray send it to them if you can spare it."

The mother made no reply, and scarcely seemed to hear him. She persisted, however, in her task, and he, fearing to offend her still further, desisted from his effects. "That is enough, mother," said the daughter, who was assisting her in the task of filling his pockets.

"Time presses," added she, and the car is ready."

In vain did Carl endeavor, by those winning caresses with which he had formerly softened his mother's heart to his transgression, once more to soothe her gloomy reserve; she seemed to have wrought her mind up to a pitch of unnatural firmness, & remained silent and absorbed. Carl knew that the load with which his pockets were filled, would seriously impede his march; but he saw to make farther opposition, or leave any of them behind, would still add to his mother's anger. He therefore allowed her to continue her task, determining to disembarrass himself of the unnecessary weight as soon as he should be alone.

The brother, who noticed his chagrin, said—

"It is of very little consequence, Carl; submit to your mother's will; you will have but a little way to go," said he;" "when once out of the boat, it is but a few miles to Morat."

Carl now learni that two boatmen were engaged to ferry him across the lake to Morat, and that his brother would accompany him on the voyage. That it could not be delayed a single night, and that this night had been chosen because of the darkness, or he might have been allowed another day under the paternal roof.

At last the time arrived for the seperation. The mother and sister remained as stoically cold as ever, and when, at the last moment, the poor youth exclaimed, "Well, mother, I have given you much uneasiness, but this is the last moment you shall ever have occasion to be ashamed of me—I will make myself a character, if God spare my life,"—the face of the mother became convulsed with the force of suppressed emotion—twice she returned to embrace him, but twice stopped short and gave him a cold adieu. The brother hurried him away. They found a conveyance ready to take them to the water side, where they embarked on board a small boat, and pursued their way across the lake. All the efforts of the youth to engage his brother in conversation proved fruitless; he preserved a gloomy silence. There was an oppressive heat in the air, which forbode a storm, an occasional flash of lightning, and large drops of rain at intervals They remained some time without exchanging a word, when young Carl suddenly started up and said—"I can bear this no longer Adolphe, I am suffocated—they have so loaded my pocket that I am weighed down—it was kind of my mother and sister thus to think of my wants when I should be far away from them; but I would have rather had a few tender words from them at parting, (parting perhaps forever) than all the presents they have pressed upon me. Strange that I should be so cast off—that I was not allowed to explain any thing.—I am guilty, I know, but not so guilty as you suppose. I did not intend to steal the horse. I believe my wine was drugged by the woman I had the misfortune to meet at the auberge, for I slept till the middle of the next day—it was too late to return; the following day I was infatuated—mad—I could not resolve to separate from her—she persuaded me to sell the horse—it was the only means of enabling me to stay with her. I consented—but you know not the agony of remorse which took possession of me from that moment. Bitterly have I suffered.—Surely, you will forgive me, Adolphe, for you know the fascinations of a woman at my age, and you have yourself gone near to be guilty also What, not one word, Adolphe?—not one word!—when we are parting perhaps forever. Well, well—be it so—when I am gone, perhaps you may feel that you have been too severe." "Good God! Adolphe," said he, as a flash of lightning lighted up the face of the brother, and showed it lived and convulsed, "what is the matter with you? are you ill? your face is frightful."

"No—no," said Adolphe, "not ill, not ill—but this parting—is—is—too much for me."

"Then you do feel for Adolphe," said Carl; "you will intercede with my mother, and let me know that she has forgiven me. God knows I love her tenderly, and would sacrifice my life for her; but her mind is poisoned, and it is in vain to plead with her at present; years must elapse before my stern father can be reconciled--perhaps never, for his whole soul is fixed on the honor of his family—which I have stained. I wish it were a time of war, Adolphe, then I might have a chance of distinguishing myself, and I might make a name on which he might dwell with pride—my own is lost to me forever."

"Forever," echoed Adolphe, and his hollow tone sunk deep in the heart of his brother. Carl felt how much he had sacrificed, how vain the hope to re-establish himself, and he burst into tears.

"I cannot breathe, Adolphe," said he, rising in the boat, and endeavoring to take of his loaded garments—but his brother seized his arm.

"Wait yet a moment," said he, pulling him down in his seat again; "I have something to say to you—something of the greatest importance; it is the last opportunity, and the moments are precious.—Where are we? added Adolphe, addressing the boatmen; "it is so dark I cannot distinguish nothing."

"Two thirds over," said one of the boatsmen, "and near the deepest part of the lake."

Carl had again risen and was trying to take off his heavy jacket; but before he could accomplish this Adolphe exclaimed, "Now," and pushed him with the end of his cane Carl seized the cane firmly to save himself, but his brother let go and at the same moment one of the men seized his legs, threw him off his balance, and in an instant he was in the water sinking with rapidity.

"I thought your courage would have failed," said the ruffian who had aided in the murder.

"Why did you let the fellow go on with his gabble? I was inclined to do it without you. If he had continued his talk, your heart would have turned to butter; he has a tongue to melt the devil himself, had he once suspected our purpose. Holy Mary! there he is again!" exclaimed he as he rose above the surface of the water; "I knew he was a desperate swimmer—pull away, pull hard out of his reach, at the same moment striking at the poor victim with his oar; the distance was, however, too great to inflict a serious blow; it only knocked off his cap, and cut a wound in the forehead, and he sunk once more out of sight.

"It is over," said the brother,—"it is over," and he sank back fainting on the bench. Scarcely was he seated, however, when a loud scream reached his ear; the poor boy once more raised himself to the surface, and he saw by the faint light of the moon the blood streaming down his face. With furious and desperate struggles he was trying to keep himself afloat, while he put forth the passionate appeals for mercy.

"Oh, save me, save, brother,—let me live and repent—Oh God, soften his heart."

Then with one hand trying to buffet the water, with the other he endeavored to lighten the load in his pockets: they were firmly sewed up, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, he screamed," Oh! my mother! my mother! my pockets! Oh my brother, save me, save me, brother!"

The brother's heart, steeled as it had been by the stern arguments of his father—hardened by family pride, and the dictates of nature perverted by a distorted sense of honor, was not proof against such an appeal. He was now as anxious to save him as he had been to secure his destruction.

"Row to him," said he to the men, and seeing that they hesitated, he seized an oar and plied it vigorously. Carl was making his last and desperate struggle. Adolphe held out his hand to save him, but the boatsman. exclaiming, "We have gone too far to draw back, raised his oar aloft, and with one furious blow, split the poor victim's skull, and he sunk to rise no more.

To rise no more! Be not too sure of that, tigers; and above all, you two miscreants who have undertaken this horrid deed for hire. For *you* there is no redemption! The others have been acting under the same perversion of judgment which influences the members of the holy brotherhood of the Inquisition but for *you* there is no palliation. Woe to you in this world and in the next! The deed was shrouded in darkness, but it was not permitted to remain so. The three criminals wended their way back; but the deed was scarcely complete when the storm which had so long threatened, now burst forth in all its fury. Long did they struggle against the violence of the winds and waves, every moment in danger of being overwhelmed—their efforts weakened by their terrors at the idea of being sent to give account of their wickedness All night they did buffet with the storm. As morning dawned it began to clear away, and they reached the shore in safety, but not before the surrounding country was astir, and hundreds were witness of their arrival.—This ultimately led to the detection. Were not this dreadful deed recorded in the proceedings of a court of justice, posterity might be excused for doubting the possibility of an act so atrocious from motives so apparently inadequate. That a mother could so far overcome all the instincts of nature, as to sanction the assassination of her son merely to acquiesce in the stern decree of her husband—but with her own hands to manufacture the instruments of destruction, and this under the pretext of promoting the comfort and happiness of the unsuspecting victim; this seems so repugnant to the feelings and experience of mankind, that any less testimony would not suffice to produce conviction. Yet there is a circumstance more extraordinary, if possible, than even this; and that is, that instead of inspiring horror among the people of this district the deed had their entire approbation.

The part of the lake selected for this deed of horror was one which seemed to offer the most perfect security from detection; the great depth of the water, the lead and iron which were secured to the person of the victim, and the texture and material of which his clothes were composed, seemed to afford an assurance that the body would remain to the bottom till long after decomposition should be complete, and all probability of recognition impossible—the process would be aided by the fishes which abounded there. There was only one point at which the lake was accessible, and this was several miles from the spot where the murder had taken place—memorable from having been the scene of the destruction of the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, (husband of Margaret of York, sister to Edward IV. of England) which was entirely defeated by the Swiss at the battle of Morat, and driven into the lake. A tree planted a few days afterwards in the centre of the village to commemorate the event, is now one of the remarkable objects of the district. I saw it still growing luxuriently after a lapse of four hundred years, of great magnitude, and likely to live half a dozen centuries more.

The hurricane which had gone so near to destroy the murderers, had produced so violent disturbance on the lake as to throw the body on shore at this place; it was soon recognized, and a rigid search was instituted for the assassins. The loaded pockets so securely fastened, and the dreadful chasm in the skull, put out of the question the first suggestion of suicide—the boatmen and the victim's brother who had been seen landing the morning after the storm were arrested and interrogated—the explanation they had given of the purport of their midnight voyage was found to be false—they confessed their guilt; the whole was discovered, and the officers of justice proceeded to arrest father, mother, and sisters; all were committed to prison to take their trial for this most unnatural and inconceivable crime.

On the trial, the father undertook his own defence, and in an eloquent and impassioned oration boldly claimed for himself the patriarchal right of life and death; repudiated every form of government which had existed in his country for two thousand years; and declared that the original rights of his race to govern themselves in their own way, though long in obeyance, had never been abandoned. That he knew he must submit to punishment, but that his conscience acquitted him of guilt; and were the same circumstances to come over again, he should act in the same manner; that he had inflicted on his son such punishment as the crime deserved; and that it had only been inflicted secretly because his own race was for the present coertion, subjected to a government which they therefore, outwardly obeyed, but under a permanent protest; that had it been practicable he would have preferred that the deed should have been done openly, in the presence of his clan, but that this would have betrayed the crime, and consummated the disgrace of his family; and that he gloried in the self-command which enabled him to subject his feelings as a father to his duties as a patriarch—but his family being now irretrievably disgraced, he was therefore quite indifferent to his fate.

He was condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement, which at his age, was confinement for life. His wife and family to periods varying from eight to twelve, according to the degree in which they were supposed to be under the influence of the father, and, I think, the boatmen were subjected to the same punishment as was the chief.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told; criminals in that country, as in many others, before they are finally incarcarated to undergo the penalty of the law in a long imprisonment, are exposed to the public gaze on a platform, (a kind of pillory) for the space of one hour, with a record of their crime placed conspicuously over their heads.

Such was the process in the present case; when the culprits were placed on the scaffold, a universal shout of execration arose from the mob of several thousand persons who surroundded it. It appeared that these people were from the district where the culprits resided, and had walked all the distance to testify their disapprobation at the punishment inflicted for an act which they did not acknowledge to be a crime.

Water-proof Boots and Shoes.—Take one pint of drying linseed oil, two ounces of yellow bees' wax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch: melt them over a slow fire, and thoroughly incorporate them by stirring. Lay this mixture on new shoes or boots, either in the sun or at a moderate distance from the fire, and repeat this operation as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated. The shoes should not be worn till the leather has become perfectly dry and elastic. They will be water-proof, and their durability increased.

The printed books in the British Museum Library occupy *ten miles and a half of shelf.*